To *Bona* ſiſter to the King of France,
Theſe both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and diſtreſſed widow,
Euen in the afternoone of her beſt daies
Made priſe and purchaſe of his luſtfull eye,
Seduc't the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
To baſe declenſion and loathd bigamie,
By her in his vnlawfull bed he got.
This Edward whom our maners terme the prince
More bitterly could I expoſtulate,
Saue that for reuerence to ſome aliue
I giue a ſparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall ſelfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie:
If not to bleſſe vs and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall ſtocke,
From the corruption of abuſing time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued courſe.
*Mai.* Do good my Lord, your Cittizens entreat you.
*Cates.* O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull ſute.
*Glo.* Alas, why would you heape thoſe cares on me,
I am vnfit for ſtate and dignitie,
I do beſeech you take it not amiſſe,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.
*Buc.* If you refuſe it as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depoſe the child your brothers ſonne,
As well we know your tenderneſſe of heart,
And gentle kinde effeminate remorſe,
Which we haue noted in you to your kin,
And egallie indeed to all eſtates,
Yet whether you accept our ſute or no,
Your brothers ſonne ſhall neuer raigne our king,
But we will plant ſome other in the throane,
To the diſgrace and downfull of your houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leaue you.
Come Citizens, zounds ile intreat no more.
*Glo.* O do not ſweare my Lord of Buckingham,

Catesby



*Cateſ.* Call them againe, my lord, and accept their ſute.
*Ano.* Do, good my lord, leaſt all the land do rew it.
*Glo.* Would you inforce me to a world of care:
Well, call them againe, I am not made of ſtones,
But penetrable to your kinde intreates,
Albeit againſt my conſcience and my ſoule.
Coſen of Buckingham, and you ſage graue men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare her burthen whether I will or no,
I muſt haue patience to indure the lode,
But if blacke ſcandale or foule-fac't reproach
Attend the ſequell of your impoſition,
Your meere inforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtaines thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly ſee,
How farre I am from the deſire thereof.
*Mai.* God bleſſe your grace, we ſee it, and will ſay it.
*Glo.* In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the truth.
*Buc.* Then I ſalute you with this kingly title:
Long liue Richard, Englands royall king.
*Mai.* Amen.
*Buc.* To morrow will it pleaſe you to be crown'd.
*Glo.* Euen when you will, ſince you will haue it ſo.
*Buc.* To morrow then we will attend your grace.
*Glo.* Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good coſen, farwell gentle friends.
*Enter Queene mother, Ducheſſe of Yorke, Marques Dorſet, at one doore, Ducheſſe of Gloſter at another doore.*
*Du.* Who meets vs heere, my neece Plantagenet?
*Qu.* Siſter well met, whether away ſo faſt?
*Du.* No farther then the Tower, and as I gueſſe
Vpon the like deuotion as your ſelues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.
*Qu.* Kind ſiſter thanks, weele enter all togither, *Enter*
And in good time here the Liuetenant comes. *Lieutenant.*
M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?
*Liu.* Well Madam, and in health, but by your leaue,